

D U R H A M M U S E .

A NEW SONG: (*Tune Nancy Dawson.*)

W H E N D—l—l and P—ps are chose,
And how shou'd they th' election lose?
When heav'n vouchsafes to interpose!

CUP 21
937/74

And this to me is plain, sirs:
As many do upon this score,
Plead conscience (never known before)
For which we heaven shou'd adore!

Tho' they ne'er do't again, sirs. *Fal, dal, &c.*

I mean to tell what they design,
To serve the noble sons of tyrie;
Tho' all in pow'r each day combine,
They're able to withstand them:

You hear what rare things they propose!
(What P—ps has done, fair Lincoln knows)
That none shall lead them by the nose,

Unless we shou'd command them. *Fal, &c.*

That not Lord N—th, nor yet the K—g,
Shall be allow'd to do one thing,
Which does not from our fountain spring,

But they will contradict it:

Nay, if the crown wants a supply,
Brave P—ps thereto will not comply,
As he has promis'd to deny,

If that the *sen* shall think fit. *Fal, &c.*

Some members think they have the right
Of judging, when we do *judite*;

But we view things in different light,

When at the gall'ry drinking:

As *servants*, we shall let them see,
So say Tom W—te and G—th—re;
That they have not the liberty,

No; not e'en that of *thinking*. *Fal, &c.*

I bear no malice when I write,

Nor do I reap advantage by't,

Saving the pleasure and delight

To hear my Betsey singing:

Yet am I sorry that my pen

Offended has so much the *ten*,

That vengeance upon harmless men,

By woful threats, they're bringing. *Fal, &c.*

Shou'd *brother S—th* and Le'er meet,

If he'll but with one bottle treat,

I mean of honest port compleat;

I then shall tell my name, sirs;

No placeman I, or pensioner,

As P—ps and you, they threaten, are;

Therefore I don't one farthing care;

How much they do me blame, sirs. *Fal, &c.*

I write, as *cocky bleeds*, for *fun*;

And shall write one, as I've begun;

It makes the bare-leg'd laddles run,

Which gets them bread and butter;

And tho' Crofs did the wiggles bawl

In beer-house, at the company's call,

It ne'er was deem'd a crime at all;

Why then this mighty spluter? *Fal, &c.*

But hold I've hit upon the thing;

Pray who can any reason bring;

Why he in any place shou'd sing,

Unless in Liberty-hall, sirs?

There, there's the freedom! you have none,

And this have they too often shown,

That liberty is all their own!

So what they please they bawl, sirs. *Fal, &c.*

These surely are most blessed times!

When men are found, in barren climes,

Who have indulg'd full many crimes,

Will now reform the nation!

As I have heard, no less than *ten*,

(But *one's relaps'd*, excuse my pen)

O Britain! thank those holy men!

It's for our preservation. *Fal, &c.*

Resolv'd they are to rectify,

The *state*; but shou'd the K—g deny,

They'll not be foolish sure, and die,

To win immortal glory!

I'll now conclude my song, with pray'r,

May times be better than they are;

Tho' 'tis not owing to the care

Of either whig or tory. *Fal, &c.*

* The Instructions.